THE WOMAN OF FASHION

WOMEN HAVE ADOPTED A DOUBLE COSTUME.

One Ma'erial Laid Over Another—Embroideries Run With Colored Ribbons—Mohair for Dress Occasions.

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We women are on trial for a fresh offense. The charge is no longer that the sex is double-faced—but double-dressed. And we proudly plead guilty, for this doubling of gowns is our great delight. The gowns are just as deceptive as were the countenances—for they're not heavy or warm, as they sound; but cool and airy and comfortable. We love to put one color beneath another, and stand off to get the effect. It shows itself, this fancy, in the pale silks laid beneath laces; in richer satins that lie beneath bespangled and jetted trimming; in the brocades that are crossed with insertions;

in the slits in our blouses, showing another material and color beneath; in the colored silk linings of our cream organdies. It is all on a line with the shot and glace and rainbow effects of materials themselves; and it helps to produce wonderful and mystical effects in colors. A different colored lining for your organdie or muslin will make a new gown out of it. A yellow slip, substituted for the pink one that you wore beneath the open, embroidered bodice, is sufficient, with yellow trimmings, to justify you in considering it a change of toilet.

The skirts that have embroidered or lacey straps fastened to them at the top, to slip over the silk waist that is worn with the skirt, are a charming illustration of the fancy for "double" effects. These straps are narrower at shoulder than at belt, and are caught up at the shoulder with knots of ribbon. Then there are the graceful blouses that are slit open, all around, in short cuts, to show another colored silk beneath. These slits extend either from neck to the bust, or from the bust to the waist line, with the other portion, plain. The silk beneath is very fully gathered and the same idea is carried out in the sleeves.

The new fronts with the blazer suit, show pretty combination effects. They are easily made, and so much is saved by making them at home that one feels well repaid for the little trouble. Five stripes, if the embroidery be rather wide; seven, if it be narrow, are sewn together. The insertion must be of the kind that combines embroidery with beading. Insertion wide enough to admit of a number five ribbon, is a good width. The white embroidery is then run with the pink, blue or yellow ribbon; and sometimes a deep red is used with good effect. The collar is made of two rows of the insertion, with the ribbon running around, instead of up and down. Others have rows of narrow beading between rows of wider insertion, and this arrangement permits more of the ribbon to be seen. Small bows may finish top and bottom.

Other dainty fronts, in smaller pieces, to wear beneath the close-fitting waistcoat, are made shieldshaped, of rows of

BASQUE COAT No. 1026.

very fine, sheer insertion, embroidered with small edges of dainty valenciences lace, each side. These are made over fine pink or blue lawn, or organdie, and continued to the waist, V shaped, by narrow folds laid toward the center. These dainty bits scarcely pay for the making, since they can be bought all ready for little more than a dollar. Gathered yoke pieces, in wash silk, cost less than this.

The dotted Swiss fronts are fresh and lovely, finished with gathered collar, and a full Swiss bow at the front of the neck. An entire bodice of this material is the most delightful thing imaginable on a warm day, and makes those about you even cooler than you feel yourself. One of them, worn with a crisp, mohair skirt, and belted in with one of the dainty white moire belts, is a neat and faultless toilet. The belts have beautiful silver and enamel clasps. One silver buckle is a large, slightly curved circle, with an edge of the same metal, wrought in a beautiful lace design; another is of delicate pearl, overlaid with wrought silver work in one corner; a turquoise blue enamel is very tempting, altogether covered with a filigree of silver.

The bodice it encircles is prettiest made surplice fashion, with the plain fichu effect softened by two narrow ruffles that trim each front. Below the moire belt falls a rather scant ruffle of the Swiss.

But if the Swiss is too simple, a chiffon waist is quite as cool, and much dressier. These are gathered quite fully, from neck to waist. Then an extra bib is shirred in.to the neck in front, falling square and loose, and edged just across the bust with a deep flounce of creamy lace. The sleeves are double puffs. These are exquisite in the pale shades.

The mohairs, which have come to be so popular for traveling and outing purposes, are seeking wider fields of usefulness. We find them in company with delicate velvets and laces, with passementeries and jets. Particularly is this true of the whites and pearl grays, where soft greens and black velvets are combined with good effect. Handsome calling and reception costumes are made of this durable material that holds its own so easily. A particularly striking one is of white with black velvet trimmings, combined with a blouse of white silk.

For visiting and yachting gowns, the fashion runs to the heavy linens, preferably in dark blue. These have full French blouses beneath their short jackets, and make durable and satisfactory costumes. The jacket does not reach the waist at the back, but permits a little of the blouse to peep out. The skirts fit neatly and closely in front, with regulation full backs.

A neat coat basque is illustrated for those who prefer to show no more than a small yoke, in place of the entire front which the short, open blazer or jacket displays. Such a coat has very large revers over each sleeve, meeting at the bust. From there the right side of the coat is carried across to the left, and visibly fastened at the waist line by a single large button, although it is held in place above by invisible hooks. Below, the skirt of the basque falls almost plain in front; but at the back the ubiquitous ripple is seen, in all its glory. These reach to almost three-quarters length, and are particularly convenient for hasty journeys, when few changes of toilet can be taken. Two or three shirt fronts, and a dressier front for occasions, are sufficient.

A neat tennis suit shows a skirt that is gracefully caught up at the left, and trimmed with three tiny rows of braid. The skirt beneath has the same trimming. A stiff shirt is buttoned down the front, and a very short figaro, with very

SHIRT WAIST No 1027.

The shirt waist, so necessary for warm summer days is here illustrated, and may be made of cotton cheviot, cambric, sateen, percale, or the sheer or dotted muslins.

This waist has the advantage of plaits that are laid down, not tacked, so that they do not draw across the bust, and has an extra piece at the back of the yoke, which makes it firmer and less apt to soil.

A regulation shirt sleeve, with stiff collar and cuffs is added. The box-plait in front is offset by the pleats at each side.

Pattern is cut in five sizes—32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches.

large revers falls over. The revers are cut open over the shoulders and continue at the back in a deep collar. The jacket is trimmed with the braid. The puff of the sleeve terminates at the elbows.

A croquet or garden costume, softer and more girlish, has a simple gathered skirt, dark blue, that is trimmed with two rows of coarse insertions. The blouse is quite plain, cut away in a small square at the neck; and a deep bib of lace, not full, is laid over. The lace is round at the shoulders, but falls in a pointed scallop in front. The belt is now, and the sleeve puffs are large. The prettiest part of this costume is the drooping hat of white embroidery, round, and falling in a narrow ruffle about the face.

An Apt Question.

A London clergyman once related in a public meeting that he had fallen in with a certain infidel who, in the bitterness of his opposition to a Bible Christianity, said "he wished all the churches were swept from the land beginning with Spurgeon's." "Then which of you infidels will be the first to take upon himself the responsibility of Mr. Spurgeon's orphanage?" was the clergyman's reply.

M. Francisque Sarcey, in a recent feuilleton, tells this story: Blumenthal, the great theatre-manager of Berlin, was talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen, and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" Tolstoi replied: "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself. He just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come, and tell him what he meant."

HITHER AND YONDER.

BREEZY NOTES REGARDING MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS.

Poniatowski off for Paris—Mrs. Langtry's Ball Gown—Washington a Popular Honeymoon Resort.

There is said to be not an atom of truth in the disgraceful story put into circulation recently, to the effect that Mrs. Frederick Gebhard had left her husband and returned to her parent's home, in Baltimore.

It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Gebhard had planned a visit to Mrs. Gebhard's parents before the family broke up for the summer.

The Morris house is very small, and there was not accommodation in it for the bride and groom, their maid and valet.

A hotel was then suggested, but Mrs. Gebhard had never stopped in a hotel in her native city, and that idea was abandoned.

She then decided to run over for a few days' visit, while Freddie went to his sister's, Mrs. Nelson's, and that is all there is to the whole story, a thing that should never have been started, and was only nipped in the bud by the promptness of Mr. Gebhard's friends.

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In the matter of woman's rights Abyssinia is far ahead of Europe. The house and all its contents belong to her, and if the husband offends she turns him out until he is duly repentant and makes amends.

Dr. John Contee Fairfax, of Maryland, is the only English peer who is an American citizen. He has never taken his seat in the House of Lords.

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Prince Poniatowski, says the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," has sailed for la belle France a sadly disappointed man. The prince came to America on a fishing trip. His bait was a title, and he hoped to catch an American heiress. His name was associated with several young women of wealth, but they threw him over one after another. The prince has had the proverbial fisherman's luck, and like his prototype he may tell his cronies at home wonderful stories of the fish that he didn't land. He sailed on the Paris, of the American line. When he reached the ship he carried in his hand several comic papers. Whether it was due to the comic papers or to the recent breaking of his engagement with a New York society girl of great riches and exceeding beauty, Prince Poniatowski did not appear to be exuberantly happy. His air was abstracted, and there was a far-away, half-sad expression in his eyes as of one who might say: "Lost again!"

The prince was not among those who stood on the upper deck and waved their handkerchiefs to friends whom they were leaving. Neither did he go to the saloon when arriving on board to glance eagerly over the passenger list for a familiar name, as did many of his fellow passengers. Instead, the prince descended to his state-room, where he remained until the steamer sailed. Perhaps he wished to be alone with his thoughts—sorrowful or otherwise. Besides the many fashionable weddings, the chief topic of conversation among members of the smart set is Prince Poniatowski's departure for foreign shores and his latest matrimonial ventures.

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Noblemen like Prince Poniatowski, who come here looking for rich wives, will be regarded with great suspicion in future, a fact which ought to bring great joy to the hearts of the home-bred Willieboys.

It was said regarding the Prince that he was fitted up and sent out here to marry a rich girl by a syndicate of capitalists. This is not so. There is no such syndicate.

But there is a lady in Paris—and an American lady, at that—who for a long time has been in the business of sending titled paupers to this country for the purpose of marrying wealthy girls.

This lady carries on the business on an extensive scale. She has agents all over Continental Europe, who furnish her with a list of impecunious dukes, princes, barons, etc. She buys them a good wardrobe, pays for their passage here, puts them up at good hotels, supplies them with spending money and furnishes them with letters of introduction to the right people.

More than that. She keeps well informed about the daughters of rich men, and gives her proteges valuable pointers about paying particular attention to certain girls who are rated as more susceptible than others to the glamour of a title.

The lady is growing rich.

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Washington is still in high favor as a honeymoon resort.

Not only do the brides of the people daily in its lovely parks and poke around the departments but the swellest brides of two seasons have sought the capital.

When Miss Cornelia Bradley Martin became the Countess of Craven the couple went to Washington and submitted to several dinners. At the same time Mr. and Mrs. Suffern Tailer were in Washington on their wedding trip, and the two couples called on each other, dined together, and did the town in company, which was rather unusual. However, they seemed to enjoy it immensely.

Miss Brewster, who was married to Count Henri Frankenstein this spring, was also taken at once to Washington. On their way, they, too, stopped over in the quiet precincts of Philadelphia for a day before going to Washington, where the Russian minister dined them. Then they returned to New York and sailed away to Europe.

In the search for unusual places or localities where fashionable brides would not naturally be looked for, one bride, Miss Seymour, who became Mrs. Jefferson de Ment, chose that former haven of brides, and calmly announced to her relatives that she was bound straight for Niagara Falls.

Niagara used to be the style. Now it is passed, but the more thoroughly out of the beaten path of brides a place is, the better does this season's bride like it.

Nobody thinks now of starting at once for Europe on an extremely fatiguing trip. Formerly many couples were married at 11 o'clock, or noon, and sailed on a 3 o'clock steamer for Europe. That was enough to make any girl despise a man, and the custom has very rightly fallen into oblivion, where it ought to remain.

Just the same, there is to be a regular gathering of brides in Europe this summer and "A congress of American bridal couples" might be very easily arranged for the continent. Every couple that can contrive it will be on the other side of the water this spring and summer. Miss Kip, who became Mrs. Richard McCreery, is going over to live. The Hamiltons will spend the summer abroad. The California millionaire Crocker, is going to sail at once with his bride for Europe.

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It is doubtful if Jennie Lind (Mme. Goldschmidt) ever forgot her first reception in America. It was one prolonged and wide spread ovation, such as no cantatrice ever before or since evoked. One does not need to be an octogenarian to remember the Jenny Lind furor. Men almost impoverished themselves to secure the best seats at her concerts, one Lind lunatic paying as high as $800 for a seat. Castle Garden, about which many unsavory memories have since clustered, was the scene of her great American triumph. Her personal profits from the first concert she gave in New York city are said to have amounted to $10,000.

Otto Goldschmidt, her husband, was at that time traveling with her as her pianist. Mme. Goldschmidt died in 1887, and this past April a memorial tablet to her memory was placed in the Poet's corner in Westminster Abbey.

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Mrs. Langtry wears a splendid ball gown in her new play. It is of white satin with a cobweb of lace strained across the bodice, and a frou-frou of the same transparency caught in with knots of satin on the hem of the skirt.

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The Empress Eugenie, accompanied by Mme. Lebreton and M. Franceschini Pietri, has been spending a few days in Paris on her return journey to England from the south. She is traveling in the strictest incognito as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds. The Empress has received visits from the Princesse Mathilde, Prince Murat, the Prince and Princesse de Polx and other friends.

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The social prophets are puzzled over what to predict for Newport. Some of the great houses, like the W. K. Vanderbilts, will be closed, but, after all, what have the Willie K.'s ever done for Newport except to put the prices of everything up and go sailing solemnly off on the Alva, and more lately on the Valiant?

The Burdens, the Kernochans, the Havemeyers, the Sloans and the Fred Vanderbilts will all be on hand as usual, and these are some of the families who are not in mourning and may be expected to entertain more or less.

The Burdens, though, are the only ones that have a marriageable daughter and can be looked to for dances and all sorts of young people's parties.

If the Wetmores come home in time with their two charming young ladies, that fact alone will save the Newport season.

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The term, "Get there, Eli," is said to have come about at a baseball match played in central New York State. The name of one of the players happened to be Ely, and Chapman, the leader of the "nine," was continually urging him on, and inadvertently mispronouncing his name. The cry was "Get there, Eli!" and the expression has been taken up as an expressive bit of American slang.—From Hardware.

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The foolish habit that Americans have of assuming foreign names as soon as they go on the lyrical stage was exemplified in a conversation overheard in a street car the other day, apropos of Lilian Russell's separation from her last husband, Perugini. "It servedLilian Russell right for marrying a rank Italian, who has tastes, habits and ideas diametrically opposite to our civilization," said a large man, evidently a New Englander transplanted to Gotham. "It happens," replied the other man, "that Perugini is an American, and his real name is Chatterton." "Then it serves him right for changing his name, and no wonder it was a misfit marriage," concluded the New Englander.

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Gordon's "Soudan throne" is a folding armchair he always sat in at Khartoum and carried with him on his camel journeys. It was a little straight-backed chair, having a skeleton frame of round iron, a carpet back and seat, gilt knobs for ornament and small pads on the arms for comfort.

The carpet had grown dim in the African sun, which deprived it of all royal pretensions, so that when Gordon returned from his governorship of the Soudan and suddenly asked: "Where is my throne? Has it been brought in?" they were all surprised. His throne? Nobody had seen a throne. But at length the camp-stool was found where it had been stowed away.—Chambers' Journal.

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Mr. Luke Fildes is a fortunate man. He has the distinction of having begun his career as the illustrator of Charles Dickens' last novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood;" he has painted the most popular picture of recent years, "The Doctor" (exhibited in 1891), and he was chosen last year to reproduce for posterity the features of the fair and gracious princess who will after the demise of the reigning sovereign share the imperial throne.

LOOK AT THIS, LADIES!

A Pattern for Only Ten Cents and a Coupon.

Here is a scheme which cannot fail to interest the ladies:

Basque Coat Pattern.	Shirt Waist Pattern
COUPON 1,026	COUPON 1,027.
Send or bring this to THE TIMES OFFICE with 10 cents and secure the pattern.	Send or bring this to THE TIMES OFFICE with 10 cents and secure the pattern.

Having, as stated in previous issues, succeeded in making arrangements with one of the largest pattern establishments in this country to furnish the readers of The Times with patterns of the costumes shown each Sunday in the columns of "The Woman and Home Supplement," we shall be glad to have all our readers avail themselves of our liberal offer. The coupons, together with a full description of the patterns, will be published in the supplement, and it will only be necessary to cut out one coupon, and send that with ten cents in order to secure any one of the patterns desired.

The hero of Alexandre Dumas' "Chevalier de Maison Rouge" was in real life Alexander Dominique Joseph Gouzze. He was wealthy, called himself Marquis de Rougeville, and fought in the American war for independence. His biography, published in Paris last week, contains tales of adventures enough for a dozen cape-and-sword novels.